

## **small hands by halfwheeze**

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**Summary:**

in a field of flowers, there's not much more you have to do to make it romantic.

## small hands

### Author's Note:

The demigod posts are on my blog @halfwheeze in The Stranger Things Demigod AU tag!!

There's something powerful about the way Will looks so delicate and pretty in a field full of flowers, a natural beauty in a field of natural beauty. The sharp parts of Mike that are shaped like his mother's strategic mind tell him not to get distracted by him, not to look for so long, not to love and love and love. But, he's sixteen. He's meant to fall in love overwhelmingly, trip over himself in the woods to follow this Demeter's son everywhere, and that's what he does. Sure, most of the time, it involves their friends, but Mike is just as happy just going off with Will. Will looks so pretty in the sunlight.

"You okay, Mike? You've been zoning out a little," Will asks, head tilted in that little puppy way he gets sometimes, and he's so cute. His hair is a little longer now, long enough to be pulled back into a ponytail, but he keeps it in his face most of the time anyway, liking to hide from everyone. Today, it's pinned back with some barrettes from Elle's stash, butterfly clips from their middle school days matched with the grownup looking browns that Joyce had decided she might need in freshman year. Mike shakes himself and breaks into a smile, looking at Will with eyes that show just as much affection as he can allow.

"I'm fine, Will. Just wondering something - can you grow yourself a flower crown? Like, separate from the plants?" Mike says, though he had not been wondering at all. He had come to the conclusion that Will could likely grow plants from his own material a long time ago, based by logic alone, but it's still nice to see if the theory can be proven true. Will gives him a curious look before seeming to consider it, then stroking his hands through the hair near his temples. He doesn't muss it up, but he does rub at the skin, where greenery begins sprouting. Mike bursts into delighted laughter, letting his genuine adoration shine through.

"It's working, I take it?"

“Yes, it’s working! That’s so cool!” Mike has to stop himself as he reaches out to touch the budding blue azalea flowers that continue to grow from the beginning stems. Will sees him, though, and catches his retreating wrist with his own small hand, delicate fingers closing around quickly surrendering skin. Mike allows himself to be pulled to touch, and all of the tension rolls out of him as soon as he touches his hand to Will. He strokes the flowers and then into Will’s hair, thumb rubbing over Will’s temple with a delicate uncertainty that made his stomach roil but his heart soar.

“Mike?” Will asks, and Mike flinches *hard*, pulling his hand back quickly to settle into his own lap, feeling himself blush the darkest he ever has. All of the logic he keeps just beneath the surface is screaming at him, telling him to run, telling him to talk himself out of this, telling him to say nothing at all. “Mike,” Will says again, and one of those small hands is on Mike’s face, and he is being led so softly once again. This time, Will pulls him down into a kiss, soft and pressureless, and Mike makes a noise he didn’t know he could make. It’s desperate, filled with a longing he doesn’t let himself feel.

“Will,” he says quietly, his hands framing Will’s face as he leans down more to kiss his other harder, because he’s wanted to do this for years. His hands take root in Will’s hair, his thumbs running along temples once again, touching skin and hair and greenery alike. It should be strange, to touch someone and feel so many sensations, but Mike doesn’t think he would have it any other way. Will is smiling against his mouth and Mike pulls away, just to ask what’s so funny, but he laughs when he sees.

“Are you growing *roses*?” Mike asks, enamoured and delighted and a thousand other words for heinously in love with his best friend. He drops a kiss on Will’s forehead, right beneath a budding rose, before reaching out to touch it with his fingers. Will smiles up at him, just a touch shy despite the fact that they just kissed, and Mike lets himself wonder at the fact that he somehow landed the cutest boy to walk this Earth.

“Fuck off, Mike,” Will laughs, shoving at Mike’s chest in a way that’s not meant to shove him away at all, just an excuse to put hands on Mike at all. Mike takes his hands away from Will’s face and puts them over Will’s hands, covering them before taking them into his

own. Will's fingers are thin, his hands small, his palms strong with having drawn for his whole life, but just barely wider than his wrists. He loves Will's hands, for reasons he cannot enumerate for the life of him, but he loves them. He takes Will's left hand up to his mouth and presses a kiss to the palm, smiling down at Will afterwards. Will looks somewhere between amused and stricken, and Mike doesn't know what to say to dispel the tension.

"You really are a sap, you know that?" Will teases, though the blush on his face sings his appreciation for it, Mike lets it pass.

"Yours, now," Mike replies, grinning at the way Will immediately double takes at that, as if he expected nothing more than a few kisses from Mike. Mike would give him a thousand kisses, a thousand hugs, a thousand years if he could.

"I think I'd like that," Will says. The flower crown is growing more and more into Will's hair, almost as if he isn't thinking about it at all, and the wildflowers on the ground are beginning to wrap around Mike's shoes. He tries to make himself mind, tries to make himself even irritated about Will's lack of control, but instead he finds himself even more endeared. He looks down at his shoes pointedly though, and laughs at Will's immediate reaction, blushing and forcing the leaves and flowers away from the both of them.

### **Author's Note:**

Meaning of Azaleas: Remembering your home with fondness or wishing to return to it

Taking care of yourself and your family

Temperance – the Victorians often carried a bloom if they supported the prohibition of alcohol, but it also represents emotional evenness

Passion that is still developing and fragile

Elegance and wealth

Abundance, especially of beauty or intelligence